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THE MISSION OF MAN.

THAT every man has a mission to perform on Earth, may be inferred from the fact of his existence. It would ill become a rational being for an instant to suppose, that he was made for no definite purpose, a mere plaything to gratify an idle whim of its maker. And especially would this conclusion be irrational, when he considers by how much he excels the other works of nature—when he reflects on the powers of his mind, the emotions of his soul—when he knows that he has a soul. Let man examine all things about him. He finds that every tree, plant and herb, in short that everything was made to answer some wise purpose: and although from the limited extent of his knowledge he may not be able to know the uses of all, yet the knowledge he possesses is sufficient to force irresistably the conclusion upon him, that there is nothing which was not made for some distinct end. Let man, again, consider his origin. The Great Creator forming the vast arch of the universe, planted its keystone as his footstool and having thus placed all power beneath his feet, he descended from his mighty task and framed the immortal man. And unto man he gave the right, the physical power and the ability to govern the world and all things in it, and man's nature afforded the will. What else then is needful? Is not the infer-

ence just, nay is it not irresistible, that he does govern it? If therefore, the race of men manages the whole of this vast government, each man has his separate duty to perform in it, and whether he neglects or performs that duty, must be judged on Earth, by himself alone. The performance of this duty is the accomplishment of his mission, the neglect of it, a folding of his talents in a napkin. Whether we find him in the cave of the hermit, in the cell of the Jesuit, or in the Halls of Legislation his mission is still the same, and he performs that mission if he is a true man. Many men have done their duty to their fellow men, though beset by fierce trials and temptations. Their modes of action when under deep responsibilities, their firmness and the beneficial results of their decision, may encourage as well as instruct. He who floated safely in the ark, far above the highest peaks, when the ocean rose until it covered all the Earth, had a great mission to perform. Imagine him, as he stands on the mountain top of Ararat, when the waters were receding from the land. Looking far down the scroll of time, he sees succeeding generations of his children pass before him and as he reasons on their fate, he deeply feels the responsibility which devolves on him, so to train the minds of his immediate descendants that his future influence may be beneficial. Perhaps as he stands wrapt in thought, visions of war and tumults flit before his mind:—he trembles and as the evening shades succeed unto day, and dark night mantles the shades, his visions also darken. But lo! a soft, pale light steals over nature—the deep darkness is gone and with it the black veil which clouded his imagination. In that mellow light he sees no rugged helmets, no bristling spears nor warlike steeds, but brighter scenes of peace and happiness and joy, drown all melancholy thought. He is stimulated to the full performance of his mission. Look but once again. See in the modern world, the noble Patrick Henry as he stands in the Virginia Convention boldly upholding the cause of the oppressed, and arguing for the rights of man. And as he strongly reasons the cry of “Treason! Treason!” rolls along and reëchoes in that hall until all is disorder and confusion. But soon the noise has passed away—he speaks again and with the irresistible power of

true eloquence, he carries with him that mighty throng and gains his cause. He has performed his mission. Here was planted the seed of that noble tree, under whose peaceful shade, all the nations of the Earth may come and find that rest so often and so vainly sought. The performance of his mission devolves on every man, be he high or low, for his station on Earth is not altogether of his own attaining. The poor man possesses even great advantages over the more elevated. He is not tossed about by the vicissitudes of life—his position is less exposed. The wind which sweeps through the mountain forests, prostrates to the Earth the sturdy oak, but only bends the flower with its tiny stalk, and when the wind is past, the flower blooms again, but the mighty tree is broken. The dungeoned Milton and the prisoned Bunyan will be known to thousands, when not only the bones, but the very names of the *mock* great ones, who imprisoned them, shall have been lost in the rubbish of ages. In reviewing the history of the past we can but remark, how comparatively few have performed their missions. True we cannot judge of all from history, for many whose missions have been minor ones, have silently performed them, and then dropped into their graves, no one knowing, no one recording their heroic deeds. But then, we see multitudes of those around us of this very class, whose hopes were once bright as the brightest, degrading their noble minds and basely transforming the image of their Maker, into forms worse than the brute creation. And as human nature has always been the same, we can judge of the past by the present. The chief cause of these failures often lies in the actions of early life. That every man has a talent for something, must be admitted, for he who has a mind can certainly use that mind to some advantage, and he who has not a mind is an idiot or a madman. By *talent* we do not mean *genius*; we mean the power of succeeding in some particular station, not of excelling in all. The secret then of failure lies just here. Man fails to seek out his particular talent: he plunges headlong into some pursuit without stopping for a moment to enquire whether he is at all fit for it, and even perhaps knowing his frailties, but preferring to be governed by present pleasure rather than by future good. He is as one who leaves his treasure locked

up safe at home and roams abroad, seeking for some other and oft times complaining of his poverty and fate. By this means many a man who would have made a thriving farmer or a successful merchant, has not only dived, but got completely drowned in the depths of the law, of medicine or the sciences. The brightest geniuses the world has ever known, have thrown themselves away and sunk their talents forever, by not thus examining their own powers. We need no proof for this assertion, the fact is known to all the world and deeply felt by those, who in looking back upon the past, can trace their error to a single move in the game of life. There is then a particular turning point in the existence of every one, at which if he fails his talents are as useless as a false compass to the mariner, but if he succeeds his mission will inevitably be performed. When man approaches this turning point it becomes his solemn duty carefully to examine his powers of mind and body that he may judge—not what pursuit will be the most pleasant or most profitable, but for what pursuit he is especially fitted. Success, like a guardian angel may not be visible, but it is certainly not far off. This idea of self examination is not modern in its origin. The ancients inculcated upon their children the exceeding benefits of self-knowledge. Above the entrance to a celebrated Grecian temple were inscribed the immortal words *Γινώσθι Σεαυτον* and the worshippers at that shrine were neither few nor mean. Again, we may be stimulated to the performance of our missions by keeping our eye fixed on the bright side of the picture—by contemplating the happier scenes of life. Misfortune is the certain lot of man; it is the flame in which men's souls are purified, and he who passes through the hottest fire, will certainly come forth the purest, but misfortune least affects the mind that dwells least on it. Many of us are fast approaching the turning point of our existence. We are soon to lay the corner stone of our future. Let us see to it, that the foundation be not laid in sand. There is no shrinking from this matter, we must meet it and as we boldly weigh it in our minds, let us be extremely nice in the balance, avoiding all false weights, for certain it is "The crisis of our destiny is NOW."

Q. Z.

A. A. E. Taylor.

FRANKLIN, THE EXPONENT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

As we were lately walking the streets of Philadelphia, the City of Penn, the birth-place of the Declaration of Independence, and especially as we passed "Market Street Wharf," we saw in imagination the boy Franklin, walking about half famished, with a roll under each arm, and consuming a third with great voracity. Was it indeed along these streets, thought we, that the verdant lad cut such a figure on Sabbath morning, his first introduction to that city which is now so justly proud of her adopted son?

The historian is surprised upon reflecting, to find so few men among the past and present who exhibit more than one or two of their several national characteristics. Among the Ancients we find the law-giver, the commander, the poet, and the philosopher; but how seldom any two of these combined in one man so as to render him proficient in both. Julius Cæsar, and Alexander are names now enrolled upon the conquerors list alone; while both were learned men, and the latter a distinguished pupil of Aristotle. In the same way, history has in the main, classified the great of every age and nation; and we must in vain search the records of our own country even to find another Franklin. And in order to make the resemblance more striking we must consider the multiplicity of American character compared with departed and existing nations.

In *his* youth, energy, perseverance, and independence of mind were predominant. See him outstripping his comrades at the Grammar School, surmounting every obstacle in a long life of toil, severing the ties of home, and disregarding the obnoxious and petty points of etiquette at European courts; and then view the energetic purpose, the indomitable perseverance, and fearless independence of the people of this country and peculiar to no other. And in this connexion it may be well to state that we never display the motto, "Country, right or wrong."

Americans are looked upon from abroad as a shrewd people; and this reputation has obtained such credence, that a traveller in Austria, who had stopped for the night, was soon surrounded

by the ignorant rabble who had heard of a *Yankee's* arrival among them, and gathered to see the sight, expressing, as he afterwards learned, their surmise as to whether he was really flesh and blood, looked, and acted like other people. If we would see this shrewdness embodied, look at the printer-boy Franklin, as he stands with open ears and busy hands behind the chair of his older brother, who with a friend is criticising an essay which was written and slyly placed under the office door by the boy, and ascribe its authorship first to one and then to another man of letters. Franklin was prudent and economical in both private and public life. Weigh the nations of the earth in these balances, and they will be found wanting compared with our own. As proof of the former, we mention her vast and rapidly accumulating wealth and her sagacious business reputation; and of the latter, her small standing army compared with other countries. Franklin was witty, inquisitive, and sociable: and are these wanting among his descendants? Although it might be pleasant to trace these minor analogies still farther, we must pass to the more palpable.

Our countrymen are everywhere acknowledged to be an inventive people. From the searches after perpetual motion up to our *Fultons*, thousands offer sacrifice upon Invention's altar. We are not only reaping the advantages of improved modes of cultivating the soil, agricultural implements, and the endless appliances of machinery: but from the humblest workshop to the Crystal Palace, you may see the models of still new inventions. Who that has read the biography of America's prototype has not been struck with this wonderful power of his genius? And here indeed, is a good opportunity to "apply the principles of Trench," and let us do so, going upon the hypothesis that his life has never been written. The first Postage Stamp we take up bears "*Poor Richard's*" physiognomy; that passing crowd with rattling cart and silver-toned bell, is the "*Franklin Hose Company*"; that debating club which meets up in yonder secluded room every Saturday evening, has lately cast off its former vulgar name, and assumed the dignified title of "*Franklin Lyceum*"; but you ask what means this stir among the *printers*,

this mighty congregation of the craft, that brilliant hall, and those colors floating in the air? it is the "*Franklin Festival*"; see yonder where the first great "Tea Party" was held, the Boston *Mechanics* are raising a monument to the memory of *Franklin*; and not to make the long category tedious, we will only ask you to read "*Franklin Stove*," over your pleasant fire. After this partial enumeration of the extant, living, growing evidence of his inventive powers, we challenge our land to produce another whom we can so truly call our country's exponent in this particular.

There is another which, for the lack of a better term we call his universal genius; and by this we mean more especially his readiness to apply, and qualification to execute whatever came in his way. As our extended territory includes every kind of soil, rugged mountains and fertile valleys; and our climate, chilling blasts and balmy zephyrs; so do our people adapt themselves to every conceivable variety of occupation. No village is without its universal genius of this sort; perchance he has a cooper's sign over his door, but if you want a manuscript bound, a tin pail repaired, a gun put in order, a shoe mended, a writing desk or a fence made; he is always ready to do it saying at the same time, "although it is a *little* out of my *line*." It is this great versatility of character which Franklin possessed, and is peculiar to this people; for in Europe, one man will "grind out" your music, another write your book, a third drive your coach, while a fourth is versed in military tactics and nothing more.

Thus far we have only noticed the minor qualities of the man, and, such as are known at home; but let us glance at those which are appreciated abroad, and have placed his name beside that of Newton. Let us emerge from the obscuring fog of local and national prejudice into the clear atmosphere of disinterested opinion, and take a view of Franklin the statesman, the sage, and the philosopher. His name appears upon the famous Declaration of Independence, and is associated with almost every benevolent and industrial society of his time. Without pretence to oratory his profound wisdom had a powerful influence among all public bodies. See his venerable form, silver locks, and flashing eye as

he stands among his compeers in convention advocating the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Emergencies arise—France, (for fear of Britain) stands aloof from the struggling Colonies—a man, a statesman is needed to represent our cause at the French court; and Dr. Franklin must go. His eminent services rendered in England, and his satisfactory diplomatic transactions with the ambassadors of other courts are known by almost every school boy. His presence was hailed with welcome by the learned; and the scientific societies of Europe felt honored by his membership. Morse would never have been known, had not Franklin brought the lightning from the clouds. It does not savor too much of egotism to say that these are still glaring characteristics of the American people. It seems needless to point to our long list of able jurists and statesmen, or mention the influence of American Scientific minds upon the world.—But reader, do you say that there is one great dissimilarity in which the analogy entirely fails? inasmuch as Franklin was not a *religious* man, and our *country* is christian. But we reply that our land is not a religious one, but only relatively such; and as long as two hundred thousand persons in New York City, and in other towns and cities the same proportion, do not cross the threshold of the house of God, so long will the similarity be traceable, for Franklin was relatively a religious man. But think it not our purpose to attempt the justification of this great defect in Franklin's character. As we deplore the lack of piety among our countrymen, so do we its absence, in the heart of their great ancestor. Indeed the fact is fraught with interest, and we hail it as the prognostic of a more glorious future, that the want of religion is now regarded as a blemish in the character of our otherwise great men. When we consider his very active life and long residence at the court of infidel France; which even Jefferson could not wholly withstand, we no longer wonder that he was not "altogether" a christian, but are surprised that when his body was writhing in pain and struggling with the king of terrors he should acknowledge the goodness of his Maker, and express his belief that his sufferings were kindly designed "to wean him from" the things of Earth. Thus passed America's only embodied exponent to

the spirit land on the 17th of April, 1790. Let blood-thirsty nations boast their butchers in martial garb, and others their distinguished in erudition and philosophy, Franklin must stand pre-eminently the prototype of American character.

IOTA.
W. HOUSE.

THE SPIRIT OF REST.

The Spirit of Rest from the land of the blest,
Its mission of mercy was making;
She banished all sorrow, and care for the morrow,
Softly closing the lids of the waking.

In that very hour she wielded her power,
O'er the realms of the earth and the sky;
The foul spirits she bound, while all around
She bade darkness silently lie.

Then at eve's witching hour she turned to her bower,
After closing the leaves of the rose;
And breathing a prayer from heart void of care,
Herself sought the sweets of repose.

While the still tears of eve were bedewing each leaf,
And silence hovered over the land;
The spirits of air burst forth from their lair,
And roused up their wild rushing band.

Then the dark murky form of the sprite of the storm
Went howling o'er land and o'er sea,
Rocked on the waves in wild frenzy he raves,
And laughs in his demon-like glee.

Then the maiden's hot tear half checked by her fear,
With prayer, forms her incense to heaven
For that form on the billow with naught for his pillow,
Save the wreck the storm-fiend had riven.

While Nature's great heart is seeming to part,
By the orgies the elements are keeping—
Then drop the sad tear—no rescue is near,
For the Spirit of Rest is now sleeping.

By discord's fell shock the state pillars rock,
And thrones topple down in a day;
War's bloody hand is outstretched o'er the land,
And happiness is passing away.

With sad drooping wing the pure spirits sing,
Far away in the realms of the blest;
And the faint notes of love descend from above
And fall on the dull ears of Rest.

As the sweet rosy dawn in her chariot drawn,
Mounts high in the orient sky,
So the bright spirit rose from her couch of repose,
Bidding darkness and discord to fly.

With her small fairy hand she waved her light wand
That imparted her peace-giving balm;
The foul spirits stood before her subdued,
And the elements were poised in a calm.

The long errant gale embraced the green vale,
And gently reposed on its breast;
The sea kissed the shore, and vowed never more
To disturb its innocent rest.

Then burst from above a full chorus of love
And praise to the Omnipotent God;
And Earth's happy throng caught up the glad song,—
For the Spirit of Rest was abroad.

A. W. Woodhull.

LOST AND SOLD.

In a certain mountainous region shelving down in grassy flats and glistening with woodland ponds, spread over with a shaggy over-coat of hemlocks, and coursed by unnumbered crystal streams dancing and leaping with a thousand trout;—on the western slope of a mountain, in a dense undergrowth of saplings and brambles, beneath an enormous tent of forests—there is a deer-lick. Many a time after the old Squire had pioneered our way to it, and proudly seated as in ambuscade on a fallen oak that lay there, did Caliphat, an ardent sportsman, and his friend Leander, clamber up that steep ascent, and wait at that secret spot with throbbing hearts for sight or sound of stag or hind. Owing to the rugged character of the country and their ignorance of the landmarks—our two sportsmen being almost strangers to the place—they were constantly liable to lose their way in the deceptive windings of the foot-path faintly marked on the hard ground and shifting leaves, especially if they should happen to be overtaken by the shades of dusk. And wo betide the man who is once lost upon those dark hills! The danger of such a situation will be realized when it is considered that around this little thread of foot-prints—unknown and almost impenetrable forests stretch away for miles and miles over mountains, down valleys, through bogs,—in all directions but one,—seldom broken by even a rivulet, and the most promising of these liable at any time to *debouch* themselves into some laurel swamp of unknown extent, bristling with ten thousand thorns, and entrance into which is almost certain death. Our temporary home was the home of the old Squire and the stalwart Jasper. It is essential to one of the most picturesque landscapes of that most picturesque region of country. Paint to yourself one of those ample flats as they are called, lying embosomed in the embrace of green and rugged mountains, which form a part of that chain which winds like their own rattlesnakes through the wild regions of New York. (The cat's out of the bag; but it can't be helped.) Fancy yourself seated on a broad rock that crowns one of the

lower peaks of the western range. Seize your charcoal and rapidly sketch off the outlines of the landscape: the gently ruffled river, clear as the sky above it,—the mountains abruptly rising from the opposite bank, green and shaggy, with roof-like pines and hemlocks, and blushing with cheeks of ruddy maples. The vale below, shaded from the evening sun—the hunter's cot—the cattle grazing among the blackberries along the slope at your feet. And don't leave out that tall, solitary maple—straight as a reed—conspicuous on that distant summit. Now! have you marked off the general lie of the country? Dab your brush at your pallet, and dash away at the *chiar' oscuro*. The sun is half hidden by the great mountain to the right, but from his golden beaker has spilled his tremulous light all over that portion of the landscape. Be quick! and get in that fallow field that rolls away in the distance, bathed in the crimson flood. Now we have it!—See! Isn't this a rare and beautiful shell, this sweet, retired mountain hollow, embedded in a rocky mass of wooded hills? And isn't that a pearl of a cottage lying asleep there, unconscious of the winds that beat about it? There slept our sportsmen;—and by the way, they did little more than eat and sleep in it. One evening after having coming down from the rock, where we just left you in fancy, forbearing reader! these two young Nimrods, hungry for sport, set out for the deer-lick on the other side of the stream. Their way lay up the opposite hill, from which, through the trees that skirt the sombre forests beyond, the same neat cottage may be seen. The sun was about an hour high when our friends left the house in high hopes of success. The one was accoutred in a short hunting shirt of plain grey, furnished with many an ample pocket, where were powder and balls at ready command. A straw hat ornamented with artificial flies concealed his head. The other had on an old blue tattered coat, and a short grey cap. Both were armed with double-barreled detonators, charged each with a round dozen of buck shot. They crossed the log that spanned the "kill," and trudged up the stony, bushy steep. At the top they gave one glance behind them, and plunged into the depths of the forest, breaking, or bending the twigs as they went. The

setting sun shone through the leafy lattice for awhile, and assured their quick steps as they toiled up the farther hill, in the narrow foot-path. The woods were at first open, and the direction unmistakable; and not more than half an hour had elapsed ere they were seated on the old log alluded to above. There was a tangled arbour of saplings, and briars, and vines, arching over their heads, and completely shutting out the view except in the direction of the lick. An immense hemlock lay to the left, just within this rustic bower, armed on all sides with branching antlers of leafless boughs. The deer usually came behind this, and then suddenly broke upon the view at the very spot desired. It was under a tall tree about sixty or seventy paces from the liers in wait, whose salted roots were completely barked with the gnawing of the stags. Here waited our sportsmen—prey to host of gnats and mosquitoes, who feasted now with impunity, till dusk, grey and swollen, rose to do homage to the twilight bow. But never a deer gladdened their aching eyeballs. So, chagrined at their ill luck, they made a corpse of the last mosquito and turned towards home. The path at first stared them in the face; and they followed it on a run. But as the shades of the night became deeper, and the great trees became greater, blacker, and more ghost-like, they lost the little foot-path among the stones and roots. “Never mind” cries Caliphat—“I know the way. Where do you make the house, Leander?” “Due East,” quoth that worthy. “So say I.” And in eager haste they almost pitched themselves down a steep and bushy declivity, guided by the pale glimmer of the rising moon. Presently the subdued gurgling of water—a sound so familiar to every woodman’s ear, was heard deep down in the hollow. Thither they urged their willing way, thinking it to be the wide trout stream, on the other bank of which their supper was smoking for them. But imagine, gentle reader, their chagrin, not to say alarm, at finding nothing but a little purling brook, full of mossy, slippery stones, and which seemed, as it rippled on, to be giggling at their scrape. Now was held a council of war. What was to be done? It was carried with surprising unanimity that the best that *could* be done, was to

follow the rill to its outlet into the big stream. If, indeed, it had such outlet. "Dark as pitch"—"A pretty hog-hole"—and sundry other interjectional remarks of like elegance enlivened their toil. Now Calaphat struck his gun and barked his shin against the rocks, now Leander slipped from some treacherous cobble stone into the current, or stepped into some dark pool, mistaking it for dry ground. Mountains loomed up in undefinable majesty on either side. The moon was now clouded, and to crown all, they were at the opening of one of those horrible laurel swamps! Before, the ghost of their accustomed jocularity had haunted their forlorn faces. But he was effectually down now. Momus, who had long since mounted wing, was now completely lost to sight. If they could reach *the lick* again, they would be safe. But Jericho was as easy of access. There was no way for them but to navigate or clear the swamp and find the river. If they failed, the screech of the swamp owl told no tales of their whereabouts; and she was alone in her secret. A black night frowned on all their hopes of being discovered by the hunters at home. Nerving themselves for the worst, Leander stood still while Caliphath reconnoitred. A few moments elapsed, but hours long to Leander—and Caliphath brought back the good tidings that he had cleared the swamp, and that the stream widened as it babbled on. This was well, but spoke not cheer of a moment's safety, for they were *bebogged* again, and were in suspense for another hour. However, to cut short a long story, after all these crosses, torn and tired, they finally reached the river, and soon after were seated at the supper table, discussing griddle cakes, maple syrup, and milk; and laughing at the old lady's anxiety, and at *another* thing, too. The whole time they spent in paying their court to the good cheer, the woods on the mountain were answering to the echoing horn.

And now they learned, and roared again with laughter, as they thought upon it, that Jasper and a comrade, who had come in at sun-down from the hay-field, were hunting for them. "*Toot-toot-too!*" sounded the dinner-horn in distant tones; and our roguish sportsmen rubbed their hands at the thought of the next day's fun. They had halloed at the top of their voices, but the

horn-blowers heard not. It now occurred to one of them to answer the horn with a shot. "*Bang! bang!*" and Leander's good double-barrel spoke out loud and lusty to the night air. But it was too late, and our heroes gave it up, and retired to their respective couches in a gale of glee.

Jasper's usually round face was long and oval the next day—this perhaps was owing to the size and frequency of the mouthfuls of cakes and trout he was incessantly cramming in—while an irrepressible grin overspread the twitching faces of the tyro woodmen Caliphat and Leander.

"So you thought we had lost ourselves—ha! ha! ha!" cried one, and the table rang again to their merry noise. "Ye didn't come up here," retorted the imperturbable Jasper with a sly look—"to teach your granny how to suck eggs. I s'pose y've both forgotten the *tracks* you made a comin' down that e're hill, and the way ye broke the bushes down in them laurel swamps. Ye see we hunters a'int lost'r eyes—ha! ha! ha! *Ye ca—nt fool y'r old pap!*" "Leander!" muttered Caliphat rising from the table, and snatching his creel from it's peg on the wall, "Let's go out and throw a fly. It's rather cloudy, and the looks of the stream bid pretty fair for a good basket."

VENATOR.

H.C. Alelander.

FUN AND FASHION.

We start with the hypothesis that every one likes fun: but it is proper that this be modified a little, and allowance be made for some that like fun, but like to have it in their own way. The fact is, Fun is a winsome, sprightly, smart little fellow, always right on the alert; and it is no wonder that he entwines himself in the affections of mankind so easily. Others may dispute the matter, but we believe that Fun is a young American: we doubt not he can and does live elsewhere, but it will be safe to doubt whether he gets his growth. He is a fellow of peculiar temperament and habits; his time is almost any time, and his re-

galia is just what it happens to be. Some say, because he keeps company with smokers, that he is a smoker ; it is difficult to analyze his character, but this we know, that he is no *bourgeois* as some seem to think. And as for his habits he is chaste and temperate : he leaves the Bacchanalian revel, and is off like Bob's horse in a snow storm. He has a most delicate sense of propriety and bears a constant hate to all intrusion : he rarely makes his *debut* uncalled for, and when he is not wanted quickly departs, leaving an inexpressive shadow behind. We like Fun, but who can endure his prim but quarrelsome neighbor Fashion ? Fashion say you, who is he ! Why, he is a pert, middle aged, dubious looking Frenchman : he is just like the weather-vane on grandfather's big barn which turns every which way, and when it does not turn, does nothing. There was one thing about that weathercock quite peculiar—one characteristic we did admire. It always looked as if it were *going* to crow ; and that fellow Fashion always seems in the same predicament ; in fact that is his only good trait. This of course is admirable because there is an idea of superiority connected with crowing if there be nothing more. Since Fashion makes such a varying course it is by no means strange that sometimes it should even get into the humorous and ridiculous. When that is the case, when, in the midst of the course, Fun and Fashion meet, a contest is inevitable ; the victory is not long doubtful for Fun always has and always will carry the day.

It is well to notice how one thing is set over against another in this world ; ignorance against learning, folly against wisdom, sin against holiness. These operate in a wholesome manner ; whether as checks or admonitions, as stimulants or encouragements they tend to produce the same effect ; they tend to build up the man in whatever is honorable and virtuous.

Likewise we observe between the quarrelsome neighbors (as we have personated them,) Fun and Fashion, a strife which however repugnant in itself, may in the end contribute something to the comfort and happiness of man. Fashion arouses the energy, activity, and invention of man, and though promotive of a great deal of folly is in some degree productive of pleasure, conveni-

ence, and utility ; of pleasure in bringing out new forms of beauty ; of convenience, as, in endeavoring to pander to the public, it seeks to combine beauty the more nicely with fitness ; of utility, as it sometimes happens to unite the true, the good, and the beautiful.

The quarrel between the generous mind and frivolous fashion is what we would make more conspicuous. Satire, raillery and ridicule are the most powerful engines that can be brought to use in attacking any prevailing custom. When the minds of the masses are uncultivated and the public taste is vicious and unrefined, we may see with pleasure the reformatory tendency of satire. But lately it achieved a grand triumph over bloomerism : it is sportively fighting another battle against the humbug "woman's rights," and will soon hurl an efficacious and finally destructive battery against spiritualism. The great beauty of this operative force is its wholesome reflex influence which restrains, and deals a death-blow to all indiscrimination. It is not made use of blindly ; and another excellency is its impartiality ; it is ready for anything and everything. It is particularly hostile to all religious mummery and it requires no prophetic eye to see that Mormonism, and a great other soul degrading 'ism, have got to fall before it. The period of satire has scarcely begun in America ; but there is abundance of material, and so great a mixture of people will surely induce it. As the Americans are the more active, ingenious, and practical, we may be sure that American satire will be of a more withering character than the Roman or English. Let fashion career along the race-course of competition ; it must go with the same crowd that love fun, and so long as there is one chord in the human heart that vibrates in harmony with another, *ingenuo ludo*, "with well-bred raillery," will it be met, and humbled to decency and propriety.

EPSILON.

Haskell.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

'Twas noon, hot, fiery noon ; the glowing sun
Shed down on Egypt his red rays ; and earth
Returned the seething heat up through the air.
As the huge form that waves its shadowy arms,
Or bows adoring to the rising sun,—
Beheld by him who on the Bröken stands—
So, looming through the copper colored air,
Arose the Pyramid by Cheops built.
Far to the eastward through the heated haze,
Some solitary palm trees stood in faint relief,
And told where aged Nile's mysterious stream
Rolled sluggishly along ; its waters fraught
With whispered tidings of its unknown source.
And mighty Sphinx, with her eternal stare,
Rests quiet 'mid her future-reading thoughts.
Calm she sat, and silent—a mighty womb
Of secrecy, a store of speechless thought.
Her broad brow changed not, and her deep-set eyes
Gazed quietly upon the world around.
Perched on her ancient head, close-hooded, sat
A spare and youthful Arab ; from whose lance
Depended listless in the languid air
A ragged pennant.

Soon a martial clash
Of cymbals and shrill trumpets burst upon her ear,
And a gaudy troop of Frenchmen swept along,
Led by a dark-skinned man, whose prancing steed
Reared fretfully. His brow was closely knit,
His lips compressed, and calmly on his breast
His arms were folded. In his every act
Was shown his steady fixedness of purpose.

The Arab slipped away in hurried fear,
And warned his tribe to dread the dark skinned man.
Napoleon paused a moment, and his eye
Was fixed with piercing gaze upon the Sphinx,
Then, bowing low his head in silent awe,
He passed along, and slowly went his way.
Upon his onward march Sphinx fixed her eyes,
And then, with heart-felt sigh, she uttered forth
From her deep throat a speech of this import :
" No riddle now need I proclaim. Yon man

Bears in his grasp a world of his own build.
Nations will crumble 'neath his mighty touch,
As doth a pillar by an earthquake shaken.
Methinks my ancient ears do catch the sound
Of battle shouts, of clashing arms, and shrieks
Of dying freemen. Oh Jove! and shall this be!
Shall this huge eagle bear away the world
And rend it with his talons at his will?
Much have I seen of war. Before mine eyes
Went fierce Cambyses, the accursed plague
And maniac sovereign of the Persian race.
But, as the lava stream flows madly on,
And rolls prone into Ocean—nevermore
Returning, but eternally destroyed,
So to the desert rushed his Median horde.
And I beheld the Macedonian, rich
In Eastern spoils, wend past my aged face,
Upon his way to Memnon. Thou self-willed boy!
Thou self-styled son of Jove! Thou could'st not wield
Thy Sire's fell bolts, nor fight against the fates.
And here before me, Egypt's stormy Queen,
Did press Antonius to her swelling breast,
And claim my sanction to her fiery love.
They came, but stayed not; and I trembled not.
But hereby went a Lion that not only springs
Upon his startled prey, but sternly waits,
To drain the life-blood from its every vein.
A mighty Sun, whose first portentous beams
Just rising up from darkness, dart their light
Upon the trembling nations—soon to sweep
Up to the highest zenith—there to pause
Awhile, and poison with its noxious rays,
While he enlightens. Then, thank Jove! to fall
From all his splendor, into lasting gloom.
Yet will he do much good. His giant hand
Will cleanse old Europe's armor of the rust,
And Feudal mildew, that corrodes it now.
Dark man! deep-fated art thou; yet the Gods
Have sent thee for a purpose. Go thy way."
And from her brow the frown went off and soon
Old Sphinx sat like her ancient self; her eyes
Still gazing calmly out upon the world.

O—
E. Spencer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NASSAU.—The Barracks.

"Di quibus imperium est animarum, umbræ-
que silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui."

That it is both useful and pleasing occasionally to pause in our hasty career through life, and to gaze upon a picture which men have called the *past*, is an axiom contradicted we believe by few—nay more, perhaps as a general thing, almost as freely admitted as any that ever crept from out old Father Euclid's brain. It were a work of extreme supererogation on our part, *critically* to dwell upon this subject, to analyze effects produced, chords touched, or feelings roused; thousands *have* essayed it, and thousands in like manner *will* essay it—the old and young, the grave and gay, the competent and incompetent. Alas! their name is "Legion," for the "pleasures of memory" is a fruitful topic. The favorite theme of poets of all conditions, from him who shines in journal columns, to the lowliest who blushes o'er his lines in secret. The composition subject of attempting schoolboys—the glory of a Freshman's essay. The magical words too that fire the mind of my lord the Senior, in mind's eye upon the rostrum, loud, rearing, tremendous, sublime, viewing audiences impressed, old men tremulous, maidens tearful—prompting him to tell of sad and lonely wanderers, longing for home and firesides—of veterans and crutches, scars and bullet holes, and bye gone scenes in old disastrous times when the war-fiend howled. Say I not sooth good friend? Aye, men dearly love this retrospection, though sighs, and groans arise and funereal anthems sound through shrouded forms, and death's dark drapery may be there, the light still shineth strong. What if the scene called to mind seem brighter, more beautiful than the real one, and like a landscape viewed through the colored glass of a painted window, be lustered o'er with lights and hues too gay by far, and false to be its own—it pleases much, and sure it harms not. Thank heaven that it is so—that tintinabulations of golden bells are ringing down the vista to help drown with merry euphony the bursts of agony, that

shadows of blithful fairy forms dance before and hide the grief-bowed phantom ; that the gray-beard fighting once again life's contest essays to swell his shrunken thorax, and chant forgotten roundelays, and with rheumatic legs attempts a burlesque on a "pigeon-wing." . . . A truce to wandering—turn we now to that aged pile, so rich with centennial preferment, so much to be respected with its mossy shingles, its gray and storm-washed stones. Bow down, soul, bow down, bend in true submission as before a patriarch—bespeak all honor to those cherished walls, a loyal benison upon the ancient quarry, the mother of the whole. Thou hast looked upon it, perchance seen it often—when the sun has gilded, or clouds darkened it, at morning, at noon, at night—yet hast ever actually realized how vast a curiosity shop, and free museum it is, and what untold collections of queer things therein are stored ?

Forsooth, it is grandly entertaining, interesting all over, as worthy of attention in its way as the monuments of Souphis. Wander round, and try the hand of exploration. Round the basement, and its walled up halls, that grand rendezvous of aged stoves, retired tables, and superannuated chairs—to many, an academical Ethiopia, and terra-incognita full of mystery—the habitation of night and silence, a place well qualified for mould and dead men's bones ; the ghost-hole of college too, wherein conjecture may sprinkle shades of antique failures and ancient deficiencies, spectres of misspent hours, and wasted privileges. Along the grim entries, monotonous with perpetual twilight, damp and unwholesome, for all the world like corridors of a catacomb, with cells ranged side by side, as for the private accommodation of a tribe of mummies. High above all, up in the garret, the spider's heaven, the rats' assembly room ; up where you hear the weather-cock creak, and the wind whistle ; up where the clock stands, and where the bell-rope hangs that moves the swinging stentor overhead, times rust-incrusted herald, which legend saith hath silver in it ; where giant timbers, great beams, and piles of rubbish are ; old boxes, dilapidated property, and a stuffed monstrosity from some northern sea ; all indistinct and dingy, and vanishing in a dusty perspective of chaotic lumber.

Visit the other edifices, attendants, and vassals behind the master. Neglect not the barracks, Bastille-like dens, with decaying floors, and moistened walls worthy of barefooted Carmelites, within whose confines many a proud spirit, and hardy constitution has been broken—where many a Freshman's heart, heavy with Nostalgia has longed in vain for the family circle, and the fostering protection of benign "Rumina."

Did time and space allow, many things could be said of the miscellaneous crowd of living creatures that move in and about the place; all characters well worthy of study, from him who blows his horn in upper halls and sleeps in "hyphenute" lodgings, to the humblest newy who trims his midnight lamp in unfurnished cell. These we must at present pass in silence—the lodgings and habitations of a special kind we now recall. The Barracks; whence came the name, or when those melancholy domicils were christened we cannot say; we know they are worthy of the name, aye, even of a stronger—dungeons, many fane and not improperly, would call them. The Barracks! There's cold chills, rheumatism, night-mare in the mere sound of that name; visions of coughs and colds and swollen jaws come up like ghosts to the memory; rats, mice, spiders, dust, dirt, all evils animate and inanimate are recalled like magic.

Bare and damp with earthly smells like a family vault—a place fitter by far to bury defunct ancestors in, than one's living self; suitable for the private study of an astrologer, or secret laboratory of some ancient alchemist; a grand place to consider "hermetic science," and to dream of the "philosopher's stone," the "elixir of life," and glowing albec, and red-hot crucible with gray-beards bending over. O! it's gloomy, there on wild tempestuous nights when the storm king's out; it's ghostly there when the wind blows, and the dead leaves fly around. At such a time, sit down alone: read the "Three Spaniards," the "Mysteries of Udolpho" or any awful tale warranted to make the youthful blood run cold: read long too and attentively, late in the smaller hours: when the fire burns low and the room grows chilly: when the candle's almost gone, sputters fearfully, and makes winding sheets of fat: when the shadows are out playing their

pranks, and skilled in a sort of shady legerdemain, make a coat a giant, an old chair a monster on the opposite wall: when the wind howls round and round the building like a wandering spirit, rattling the windows and looking in at you through the panes: holding its breath, creeping softly on the floor along the entry, and hissing like a baffled snake at the crack under the door: getting mad again, and rushing away with a curse and a roar to take revenge among the unoffending tree-tops, and coming back anon to push the siege once more. Then, Friend, though you see not a real orthodox ghost, you may perchance experience that delightful sensation, so difficult to describe, which makes a man feel so very weak in the legs, so very small in stature, so very feeble all over—that singular and *sweetly horrible* feeling called by the vulgar “skittishness.” If there are dark spots upon the floor, bring in companions, for great tales may you tell each other, and while you raise the hair on the heads of all, speak of blood, of midnight cries and murders dire. All this may be very fine to an imaginative and romantic youth, but it might kill an unsophisticated freshman, who just from a snug home and warm old-fashioned fireside, feels low, perchance suicidal, and who cares not to let his fancy play at will, and run away with him. Alas! he finds too soon that fresh as well as men were made to mourn; that the smoke is stronger, the smokers more heartless when they come in the lower halls; last but not least has ocular demonstration of the oft-referred-to fact, that misery makes acquaintance with strange bed-fellows.

Future students beware—avoid the barracks as you would contagion; be wise,—keep afar off, and draw not nigh as thou value life

“Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.”

MUSTANG.

W. A. Henry.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Defects meet our gaze and startle us at every survey which we may take of the world's moral system. Human nature is indeed fraught with imperfections. But a desire to reform is constantly springing up, causing grand and extensive reformations. Moral revolutions of thought and sentiment continually have astounded us by the magnificence of their design, the extent of their influence, and the purity of their purposes, ever since that saving light shone from the cross of the dying Saviour—lighting up a world's darkness, and purifying a world's sinfulness. In these grand systems of reform, no one should be a silent spectator. Every man has a respective part to perform—a respective station to fill. As in our solar system, every planet by revolving silently yet steadily on its own axis, lends its separate aid to revolutions of the “grand harmonious whole;” so in the moral system of our world, every man by doing his duty and acting according to the dictates of a conscience purified by virtue, should lend his aid to the grand accomplishment of humanity's mission.

'Tis a mistaken idea to suppose that men must be fired by ambition and passion, and place themselves upon a high platform of renown, before they can effect anything either noble or philanthropic. The humblest creature can do things both worthy and heroic; and gain and deserve the name of Philanthropist. It is a cause worthy to be espoused—its mission is a noble one, and its advocate is truly to be admired and encouraged. Regardless of self, save inasmuch as he can minister to the welfare of his fellows, and has no thought of them except in obedience to the supreme commandment of God, he studies closely the desires of men, and seeks a mode of checking them. He seeks out the wants of suffering human nature, and desires to supply them all—his strength is not confined in narrow limits, nor expended on the frailties of the few. The world bounds his glorious enterprise, mankind share his pity, and alike arouse his energy. By its duties thought is elevated to a dignity beyond conception, en-

gendering action stamped with the seal of nobility. The day is lighted up by a Promethean spark—by a glimmer of immortality's brightening ray. The mortal walks the earth a living saint, weeping o'er and pitying the faults and frailties of his sinful race. His efforts should not be disregarded, nor should his grand mission be ridiculed by the contemptuous sneers of the vicious multitude, whose *weal* he is endeavoring to establish—whose *woe* he is striving to prevent. But alas! the purest things in nature are too often adulterated by foul contact with the corruption of deceit and villany. Even among the votaries of that pure and blessed Religion, "writ with inspiration's pen," the deceiver holds high and fearlessly his haughty head, and in the purest garb works out plots most impure and unholy. So among our modern reformers the Pseudo-Philanthropist works his will. But how easy for a mind freed from the bias of impulse and filled with elevated thoughts of morality to detect by the application of pure tests his vile projects. How easy in this our native land, where freedom of thought and liberty of sentiment are equally enjoyed by all, to tear the cloak from villany and lay bare its vile intents. Yet here the monster lives and breathes the same pure air of liberty, and is known by the name of Philanthropist. Horrible corruption of a noble mission! unhappy blending of the knave with the saint. Many religions have proposed to establish the welfare of society by positive regulations, and laid down a code for the government of mankind in all the varied walks of life; but society soon outgrew its fetters, and the code of an antiquated theocracy was thrown aside, or burst asunder by the expansion of the human mind. Christianity alone aims at a different object. It prescribes no rule for the formation of society—it dictates nothing to the forms of government, it has concentrated all its energies to coerce the human heart, it is against its depravity that all its precepts are directed. Christianity, aiming only at reforming the internal spirit of the individual, has wrought, and will forever work the greatest and most salutary changes on society. The true spirit of freedom has uniformly been found in close union with genuine devotion. It was in the profound religious feelings of the Roman people,

that Cicero traced the cause of the majestic career of Roman victories—in the disregard of the gods under the emperors that Tacitus foresaw the certain presage of their decline. The Spartan youth who died with Leonidas at Thermopylae—the Theban who bled with Epaminondas at Leactra and Mantinea, were animated by the same dignified spirit. The crucifixes of Switzerland, and the mountain chapels of Tyrol, still attest the devotion which burns undecayed among the descendants of William Tell and the soldiers of Andreas Hofer. The soldiers of Robert Bruce knelt, before they engaged in the battle of Bannockburn; and it was in the stern valor of our Puritan fathers that a counterpoise was found for the despotism of Charles, and the decaying safeguards of feudal liberty. From this principle we shall find some explanation why constitutions struck out at a heat are never durable, and why those only survive the decay of time, which have slowly grown the progress of ages. The spirit of reform has created the latter; the spirit of liberty, the resistance to and obviating of experienced suffering, has moulded the latter. A strict regard to, and performance of duty, a desire to reform prompted by a conscience purified by virtue and enlightened by religion, and a spirit of true self-denial and magnanimity, without an expectation of an earthly recompense constitute the true spirit of philanthropy. By applying these pure tests we may detect the evil-doer and the mischief maker, who pretend to be philanthropic men. In the great text book of all virtues we have a personification of this noble spirit—an embodiment of all these virtues laid down as a standard—in the life and death of our Saviour, “who died that we might be saved,” looking to a seat at the right hand of his father on high as a recompense where all cares would be drowned in the ceaseless song of the “Cherubim and Seraphim.”

W. H. Goldthwaite.

B. L. Z. BUBB, ESQ.

"Oh! Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick or Clootie."

An accurate account of the life and actions of Mr. Bubb could not be contained in a *haystack* of volumes, and therefore an accurate *sketch* of that life may readily be likened to a needle in a haystack, which the proverb sayeth is not easily found. Most authorities consider Mr. Bubb as old as the mountains which were but hills, when the present hills were little gravel stones, for his name appears on the first page of history and his actions may be traced on every succeeding chapter, down to the pillaging of the Nassau Rake. Of his personal appearance we are at a loss how to speak, for the records of Time as far as we have been able to learn, tell of but three men in particular, who have possessed the exceeding great honor of beholding him. The first was a printer by trade, Mr. Faust, who wished to publish some works, to which Mr. Bubb was opposed. An agent was sent, and Mr. Faust agreed to *sell himself* to Mr. Bubb on condition of the latter submitting to the publication. The books appeared, and shortly after Mr. Bubb arrived with a number of little Bubbs, and all that was ever learned of the poor printer, was signified by a horrible odor of sulphur, which ever pervaded his deserted apartments. He is supposed to have been the first man who ever "gave Mr. Bubb his due." The second personage of whom History speaks as beholding Mr. B., was the man who "whipped him around the stump,"—some say it was a bush, but this a mere matter of opinion. Certain it is, Mr. B. got ahead of his adversary and in turn whipped him around the stump or bush, and he was never heard of afterwards. He of course, left no record. The remaining personage—we are sorry we have not his name—was one who in an evil hour glanced into the mirror and there beheld Mr. B. as large as life. No one however, could ever prevail upon this person to give the least hint as to his appearance, and it is most generally supposed, that as Mr. B. has sometimes made his appearance as a serpent, he then *charmed* this gentleman, and took away his liberty of speech up-

on this particular subject. So we are unable to describe his personal appearance. His actions have been the subject of song to most of the great poets, some of whom speak of his high order of talents, and all of whom agree in one particular, that he is a very great evil-doer. There is one especial class of poets who seem particularly fond of Mr. Bubb, and no doubt are his greatest admirers, since two of them jointly effused a worthy little sketch of some of his travels on Earth. These are commonly called the *Lake School*, the why and the wherefore must be rendered by the poets themselves. We must judge of Mr. B., by what has been said of him, particularly by the poets. Burns tells us and seems to rejoice in the announcement, that,

" Mr. Bubb cam' fiddling through the town
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman ;"

from which we are to infer, not only that Mr. Bubb was in some instances a friend to the poor, but also that he was an accomplished dancer and a great primeval fiddler, probably the inventor of fiddles. The same author speaks again of him,

" In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way."

This seems to imply a romantic disposition and an overflowing sea of mischief, which testimony is abundantly corroborated by the actions of his followers, one of whom so pursued Tam O'Shanter's poor nag Nannie, that

" Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

" Sweet Will" seems to have possessed a very low opinion of Mr. B., for he says, "No one means evil but Mr. Bubb and we shall know him by his horns." From this we learn that it was the general belief in "Will's" time that Mr. B. had *horns*, but how such an idea gained ground in an enlightened age we cannot say, for surely there is no record of the fact ; it certainly must be an imaginary idea, on a par with that which also attributes to him *cloven hoofs* and a *caudal appendage*. Milton speaks in remarkably high terms of our hero in many instances, calling him the

"Prince and chief of many thrones and powers," but he outweighs this testimony by records of great and mighty evils performed by him. Indeed, this author has spoken so much of Mr. B., as to cause *some* to consider him the hero of *Paradise Lost*; this opinion however, we consider entirely unfounded. Byron too joins in the just voice of censure against Mr. B., accusing him of many acts of high immorality and deep disgrace. He also describes a visit of our hero to the Earth, after the manner of the Lake School, in which

" * he made a tour and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal:"

singular sights they were indeed and singularly did Mr. Bubb look on them. The present generation, need no more proof of Mr. B.'s bad character than did all preceding ones, for even now his name is used as a term of reproach. Every *bad* little boy was formerly called "bub," but the number soon became so numerous, that *all* little boys received the appellation which might better have been applied to larger youths; which, as a friend of our's says, is very "*misfortunate*." Those who write a sketch, most generally are friendly to those of whom they write; there are however many exceptions to this rule and we will anticipate your joke, dear Reader, (if we are fortunate enough to have a Reader) by expressly assuring you, that *we* are an exception; if you please, a *special* exception. Far be it from us to cover over with the shawl of hypocrisy our real feelings on this subject; we do *not* desire his friendship and moreover we warn you all, whatever you may do, if you would have bright prospects before you, *keep clear of Mr. Bubb*.

TOM TICKLE.

Editor's Table.

As we travelled in the late vacation over a rail-road celebrated for accidents, it was our mishap to break one of the connecting rods which connect the driving wheels of the engine, thus leaving but two wheels with which to proceed. The day was fast approaching night when we arrived at a peculiarly romantic spot, where the road is blasted out from the side of the mountains, along the banks of a nobleriver. The fast falling snow freezing as it fell, had glazed the track and rendered it extremely smooth and slippery. Slowly we toiled up a long, steep grade, until at last we could proceed no farther, and the brakemen were compelled to walk ahead and scatter dirt on the track before the engine, to the very top. We gained at last the summit and started to descend; slowly at first, but soon faster and faster we whirled on. Now the engine has become powerless and is hurried on by the impulse of the cars behind.—*Faster and faster still, we fly!*—On one side, far below, one hundred and fifty feet, rolls the Delaware, its deep silent waters black in the misty dusk, it may be our grave.—*On! on! we speed, nearly a mile a minute!*—The mountain mass on the inward side rears its huge barricade far in the sky, and seems at this twilight hour, a grim old giant smiling at his prey—*Faster and still more fast!*—Another train comes dashing close behind!—A curve in the road is near!—We were in a *physical* dilemma. Again, we sat down to commence our table. Ghosts of murdered puns rose before us to fright us from our seat: visions of half starved, beggared cutes mystified our brains: we threw ourselves back in the Editorial Chair, but lo! pins were in the cushions thereof: we sat stiff and upright like the statue of Pompey, lo! a lame leg gave way and we barely escaped a precipitation. We were in a *mental* dilemma. But some inquisitive mind may wish to know, what connection there is between these two kinds of dilemmas we have so unceremoniously introduced. Begone impertinence! We merely wish to illustrate the fact, that a *mental* is as terrible as a *physical* dilemma, in some cases, and moreover we do not wish to be interrupted again. In preparing a table is not the first act laying the cloth, and what difference is it to you kind Sir, if our tablecloth is made of two kinds of material? To proceed, we found from experience that "all things are not what they seem;" that, in reaching forth to pluck the fruit we sadly scratched our manipulators with the briars; that, in short, we had been used—willingly of course and therefore so much the worse—as a mere cats paw, not to get out nutritious chesnuts from the fire, but to get out from our burning brains, *unhealthy* puns. We will not join in the common hue and

cry against puns, which like many other epidemics carries off its yearly thousands, neither will we argue extensively in their favor; but will merely remind our readers with a late writer in a popular magazine that "Cæsar was the chronicler of Cicero's puns—that Burke was a notorious punster, and that even Dr. Johnson, the most inveterate of pun-haters, was more than once guilty." Puns are the spice of our table. Did we omit them we might expect no better success, than would follow General Thomas Thumb in storming Gibraltar with a pop-gun. Puns drive away the "blues"—and here we wish to have it distinctly understood, that we do not refer to that famous military company "The Princeton Blues," who we trust are not to be so easily repelled, but to that malady *incessant gravity*,—and this is a blessing if Horace Smith speaks the truth when he says "The gravest bird is an owl, the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man is a blockhead," and he might have added with impunity, the *gravest* reptile is a bull-frog, for it is said always to mourn over the *graves* of its sires. In the *course* of our table we may occasionally introduce a pun, but we do not intend to do a wholesale business, and if any of our readers meet with old acquaintances amongst them, we beg them to be lenient and not only so, but be as glad to see them as persons generally are to see old friends. This much we *can* say, the fact that they are original with others, does not prove that they may not have been original with us, for minds as well as rivers will often run in the same direction towards the great sea of wit. . . One of the greatest troubles of an Editor is in obtaining the "*wherewithal*," and although men may rant on the evils of wealth and its degrading influence on society at large, nevertheless it will be found to be exceedingly useful in a prodigious number of cases. In meditating on this subject a cloud darkened the horizon of our thoughts and in the lightning's flash we seemed to read

"To *dun* or not to *dun*

That is the *question*.—SHAKESPEARE.

The thunders roared and shook to the very center our frail habitation, but from this roar we gained no satisfaction for it hoarsely bellowed out

If it were *done* when 'tis *dun*, then 'twere well,

It were *dun* quickly.

It may be well to inform those interested, that the storm passed over without material injury and the result was we *did dun*. . . That man was born to make a fool of himself, is to *our* mind a self-evident proposition. It may be proved however by reference to the *past*, and it is especially evident at *present*, by a specimen of labored rhyme, smelling strongly of the "midnight oil" placed upon our table—we have *kicked* it *under*, instead of *laying* it *upon* the table, the usual course. It is supposed to have been written by a love-sick ninny at one of our watering places, to his no less sensible beau ideal of heavenly loveliness, who is *not* at a watering place but is wanted there. Read it!

"Come oh! come with me, where the wild breakers roar,
 And the waves of the sea dash up on the shore;
 Where the fisherman's boat is seen on the strand,
 And the sand snipe are flying far out from the land;
 Where the fish hawk is snatching his prey from the deep,
 And the porpoise is floating enjoying his sleep;
 Where the sails on the ocean like birds in the air,
 Are flying away oh! who knows where."

We especially admire the last two lines, so elegant, so original, and then the masters of the ships do not know the *courses* they are taking—of *course* not. (Benevolent reader spare us; do not say that this pun is *coarse*, for that would be the most "unkindest *cute* of all.") In default of evidence to the contrary we may suppose this an acrostic and that the initials "Cawa-wa-wa," represent either the cry of the sand pipers, the fish hawk, or mayhap the snoring of the porpoise. We wish the mystery could be explained. . . In the course of events it becomes our sad duty to relate several very unpleasant occurrences which *duty alone* would compel us to lay before our readers:

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT! A young lady of our acquaintance was peacefully promenading the streets of a neighboring city a few evenings since, when she suddenly came upon a young gentleman of unusually fierce expression of countenance. So great was her terror and so overpowering her modesty, that she actually *let her eyes fall upon the pavement*, and he, proud being, would not even stoop to assist her in *raising* them. However after much difficulty she succeeded in raising them herself, and having *rolled them up*, they were replaced in their proper position. It is thought that she has not totally lost the use of her optics. We all hope for her speedy recovery and can but exclaim with the great poet, "Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen." **ANOTHER ACCIDENT!** A young gentleman being asked to sing at a public dinner, at first refused, but at last gained courage to *break the ice* and *horrible dictu*, his voice was actually *drowned* by the company. We cannot conceive why such desperadoes are not brought to speedy punishment. Where are the police? **THEFT! THEFT!!** The ayes (eyes) and noes (nose) of Congress were yesterday taken immediately after the debate on a certain resolution. This we may say is a severe public loss. The clerk is suspected to be the guilty one, but he has not yet been brought to justice. Report also says that the "*eyes and nose were cast*"—now we have heard of "*cast eyes*" but what can be meant by "*cast nose*?" Who will either *untie* or *cut* the Gordian knot? We would also like to know something of the *other features*, for we lately heard of some report reaching the ears of Congress. Surely the report must be a long one, or the ears must be long. (An unmentionable personage at our elbow whispers, "the ears *be-long* to Congress and the report was but a pistol shot.") . . . The old fashioned English, fence-rail etiquette has fast receded before the trium-

phant march of the French dancing master; the ancient "curtsy" has given way to the graceful bow, and the pleasant raise of the hat has succeeded to the formal bend of the collar-bone. Politeness in the present age "enters alike the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor." This train of thought was ignited by a little poem of a very exciting tendency, which we give entire. It is entitled

POLITENESS.

1. My tale is of a Cow and Dandy,
Cow's hair was black, the other's sandy,
Cow's eyes were grey, the other's brown,
Dandy was very near sighted, which Cow was'nt, but
both personages possessed a very aggravating frown.

2. The night was dark and very cloudy
The winds they blew, were somewhat rowdy,
Dandy was crossing o'er the Campus
And soon he arrived at the spot where Cow was leaning
against a tree, sleeping like a grampus.

3. Dandy as I have just before said,
Being somewhat squinted or near sighted
Ran against Cow: then off his hat flew
And he supposing it to be a fellow being, quickly exclaimed, "Sir, I beg pardon," but Mrs. Beef answered only "Boo-oo-oo."

4. The moral of this is easily seen,
Who doesn't see it is certainly green;
Wherever you are, no matter what time,
Be always as polite as circumstances will permit even to a
dumb beast or a brute, and this is the end of my rhyme.

It requires a keen perception to attain to the comic, to find the channel between Scylla and Charybdis, between the long faced and the absurd, but in *this* the author of the above short comedy has certainly succeeded. It may be the *first* attempt, it certainly is the *last*, but we hope it will not long remain the last. We expect soon to see a rival to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or even to Jack Falstaff himself. . . . We understand that a menagerie is soon to be opened in one of our great cities to exhibit the following curious animals, a *Sea Otter* and an *Ocean Bear*, the former celebrated by the famous "*C-otter's Saturday Night*" and the latter rendered immortal by Gray when he speaks of "The dark unfathomed caves of *Ocean bear*." There may also be seen a *dandy lion* (*dandelion*) and a *young American wolf*. It is certain that this wolf is not of the *Old foggy class*. . . . Many amusing incidents occur to the traveller, he will meet the verdant wherever he goes and who can help enjoying the sport. A slabsided countryman lately sat by our side in the cars, and continually aroused our sensibilities

by his ever increasing desire for knowledge. A young lass on the adjoining seat particularly attracted his earnest attention. He gazed at her with "all his eyes"—by the way he had but two—and at last commenced the following conversation by asking us, "Does you know that gall?" "No, I do not." "Well I think *I* does." "Why don't you speak to her then?" He leaned forward and assuming a benevolent smile addressed her, "Be'ant your name *Jemima Headley*?" "No, it is *not*." "Oh! I thought you be *Samel Headley's* darter." In decided capitals "NO, I AM NOT." "Oh I was mistaken then, I thought you be." His brazen countenance did not relax, his mouth did not quiver, but turning to us he softly whispered behind his hand "*She be mighty husky, bean't she?*" Thus ended the farce. . . Writing of travelling reminds us of a little scrap of poetry handed us not long since, and which the author remarks is not intended to be a parody on "Young Folks at Home" or anything of the kind, although it is headed,

"YOUNG FOLKS AWAY FROM HOME."

I.

Who has not travelled in the Rail-
Road cars, 'long with a baby,
That squealed and shouted, 'till you thought
You'd like to kiss it—*may be?*

II.

Who has not travelled in the night,
When all around was stilly;
And heard some "young ones" bawl and howl,
As if it had a will—*eh?*

III.

In stage coaches and steamboats too,
These "young ones" have their own way,
And what is more, they'll never let
The passengers be lonely.

IV.

Why can't the world be rid of this?
Why will the children travel?
It might be stopped—oh couldn't it?
Who will the case unravel?

My dear friend we sympathize with you, but it cannot be helped. Whenever "mama" goes, there "baby" must also go. We fear that you are most too young to judge of these matters yourself; wait a few years and the squalling of a "young one" will not unnerve you. But joking aside, that which you speak of, is a *terrible* nuisance. Why not leave the "baby" at home with Bridget? In former times was it not deemed necessary to

have a host of children in the Church, evidently to sustain the chorus; but now not one is seen, except upon special occasions. And how was this result brought about? By steady, persevering opposition. Whenever a child appeared and made the least disturbance the iron-voiced orator broke forth, "*Woman, take that 'ere child hence.*" So my friend, you have encouragement to proceed in the good cause, beholding the success of others. Was not Jupiter a happy father? No sleepless nights—no nervous screams—but when his daughter first opened her eyes to the bright light of Heaven, she beheld herself a full grown, lovely maiden, ready armed for conquest in the worlds. How Jupiter must have laughed! Methinks I now hear the echo of his "*Ha! Ha!*" as it skips along through the deep vaults of Heaven. Now-a-days the case is quite different; it takes about six years of squalling and baby-talk, and ten years of piano thrumming and dancing lessons to arm *some* ladies for conquest, and then what is the result? Minerva conquered more hearts in a week, than all *such* ladies of this generation do in a life time. Far be it from us to harbor any evil thoughts against the fair sex: far different emotions possess our breast. We only introduce the case for *explanation*, and will say in *palliation*, that whenever there is an *occasion*, a child of the male "*persuasion*," will produce a longer concatenation, of *cackinnations*, or of other vocal abominations, than any child of the other sex that was ever brought into the lists. The one class save their tongues until they get some what larger, but then oh! oh!——.

In many of our States there are springs yearly visited by invalids in search of health, and healthy beings in search of pleasure. At all these places they who drink, must render to their owners *satisfaction* for the draught. Not far from this village there is a celebrated "*Pierian Fount*," of whose waters some in former times have drunk without rendering payment for their draughts, and by whose failures, former proprietors have been *compelled* to cut short the supply from all. This cannot be called strict justice. If all who have agreed to drink will only *fairly* drink, the supply for the present year will not be deficient in quantity. May all remember, that as the soothing smoke from the Dutchman's pipe, curls round his huge mustachios, then rolls off in fleecy clouds above his stern brow, leaving him happy in building castles and beer houses in the air; so, when the Printer's bills are paid, do the thoughts of the Editor suddenly released from earthly confinement, float upwards, and become lost in bright, happy visions of the future—ahem!

In the above remarks we have only been stimulated by thoughts of our own happiness, and of a venerable maxim which requires all persons to "give a certain personage his *due*." . . . And now "in drawing to a close," we earnestly hope that all have received as outrageous a valentine as was sent to our sanctum, and have laughed as heartily over it as *our friends* did, and moreover we sincerely wish, although we dare not venture the hope, that the only one who is rejoiced at reaching the end of this table, is

Your humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

A. A. S. Taylor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, who have kindly contributed to our pages we render our heartfelt thanks. The essay on "The Evils of Intemperance" has been rejected. The piece styled "March Odes," we are sorry to say has met the same fate, for although the wind as it rudely rattles our window sash, growls forth "The *ides* of March remember," yet it does *not* bid us remember "The *Odes* of March." This may be deemed an *arch mode* of treating this subject, but it really cannot be helped. We have received long after the eleventh hour, a communication from "Beter Swackhabber," the man with the cold. He gives a brief account of a journey to the moon in a letter dated Sept. 10th, 1900. It is pretty good *in its way*. Decidedly the best part is an account of an "axidedt," which we give entire. He says, "A large bleasure barty left here (a very cobbod thidg) this bording for an excursioid to the *circles* of the celestial sphere, and while walking about on *them*, too large a nubber got upon the Ecliptic at the subber solstice and it caba dowed with a crash, coinciding with the equidoctiel and thus injuring a large nubber." Seniors will please explain this to the lower classes.

Our thanks are also due to the Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS, of Ill., for a copy of his speech on the *Nebraska Territory*.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the Jan. No. of the Yale Lit.; Feb. No. of the Stylus and The Southern Rights Advocate.